The Father's Gift

Once there was a child and his father

on their way to school

The child watched the other children at school,

each clinging proudly

to their little teddy bears

cheap

rough

and fake

The child longed to be like them.

He saw their laughter

their strength

their games

and he turned to his Father

and begged:

“Father —

can I please

have a teddy bear like theirs?

They look so cool!”

But the Father

full of love

was holding something far greater

behind His back

a real teddy bear

grand and warm

handcrafted

from His own heart.

He whispered:

“Wait my son.

Trust me.

Something better is coming.”

But the child

impatient and desperate

cried louder.

And the Father

sorrowful

but wise

let him go buy a teddy bear

The child rushed

after the fake teddy bear.

He grasped it tight,

feeling powerful for a moment

but he did not notice

His father grew distant

The Child became lost

he sought to be like the cool kids at school,

with all their cool looking teddy bears

The company corrupted the child,

he became loose and reckless.

He became a mean bully,

getting in trouble,

being a bad boy

with all the other cool kids

Who supported his acts

The Father worried,

called out to him many times:

“Come back, my son!

Leave that thing behind,

it’s time to come back home”

But the child clung harder.

He loved the feeling of being like the others.

He wandered off with friends even more,

beginning to forget his father,

he continued to ignore his phone calls

who wanted the best for him

At last,

the Father’s anger grew hot,

He let Babylon's teacher take him for a time

So the boy might learn what empty toys could never teach

The teacher snatched the fake teddy bear from his hands

The child mourned

The teacher put the child in detention the next day

among some other children,

where they mocked him,

Bullied him,

dominated him,

and left him helpless.

———

After much sorrow,

the Father returned back to school

He lifted his son out of detention

and walked him back home.

There,

waiting still,

was the true teddy bear

the great gift He had long prepared.

But now,

the child had changed.

His heart,

hardened by the world,

looked at the true bear with suspicion.

He hated it,

He thought it was too soft.

Too gentle.

It looked more like a lamb than a warrior.

“I wanted something fierce,”

the child muttered,

“Something wild and strong,

like the teddy bear I had before.”

And in his fury,

the child tore the Father’s true bear apart.

He ripped its seams,

scattered its stuffing,

and mocked what was given.

The Father wept —

but He did not stop.

With His own hands,

He gathered the torn pieces,

and knit them together again.

The bear rose whole —

brighter,

softer,

more alive than before.

Now it was not only for one child,

but for every child in the world.

So the Father allowed the Teacher once more

to come with the rod.

The child was struck down —

his playhouse destroyed,

his place of power burned to the ground.

The Temple he boasted in was no more.

The child ran far,

far far away

far from home —

wandering among strangers.

many years passed.

And in his pride,

he built another playhouse —

taller, grander,

decorated with all the false toys he could gather.

———

He thought,

“Surely this will last.

this will prove my strength.”

But then one came —

a bully greater than any child before.

Fiercer,

darker,

one who cared nothing for play,

only for power.

But then the house was taken from him

The child finally learned

at last,

in the hunger of his soul,

he remembered:

“My Father…

He loved me all along.

I just never trusted Him.”

With a broken heart,

and a humble spirit,

The child found his way back home.

And there —

waiting still

was the true teddy bear.

Whole.

Alive.

Brighter than before.

But he was not alone.

Other children were there too,

touching the same gift,

their faces shining with joy.

The Father opened His arms wide.

“See, My son…

it was never just for you.

It was always for all My children.”

his Father’s love.

At last,

he was finally home.

Dancing with his father again

The End.